Connecticut College
Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

Historic Sheet Music Collection | Greer Music Library

1847

Widow Machree

Samuel Lover

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic

Recommended Citation
Lover, Samuel, "Widow Machree" (1847). *Historic Sheet Music Collection.* Paper 685.
http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/685

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

WIDOW MACHREE

Sung with enthusiastic Applause

by

Mr. COLLINS

ALSO BY

The Author

in his

IRISH EVENINGS

Written and Composed

BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

Price 25 Cts net

Where are also published, by the same Author:

The Fairy boy
The Haunted Spring
The May Dew
The Land of the West
The Star of the Desert
The Bowld soger boy
Secrets were not made for three
Rory O'Moore.
Dear love and native land farewell
Oh native music
The Frysting tree
Widow Machree

Philadelphia A. FIOT *196 Chesnut St.*
Importer of Music & Musical Instruments

New York W. DUBOIS *315 Broadway*

WIDOW MACHREE.

S. LOVER.

Sportively but not too fast

PIANO.

Widow Ma_chree 'tis no won_der you frown, Och hone!

ritard:

Widow Machree! Faith it ru__ins your looks that same dir_ty black gown.

Och hone! Widow Machree! How alter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de-

-stroying your hair That should be flowing free, Be no longer a churl Of its black silken curl,

rallen:

collavoce.

Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree now the summer is come Och hone! Widow Machree! When

ev'_ ry thing smiles should a beau_ty look glum. Och hone!

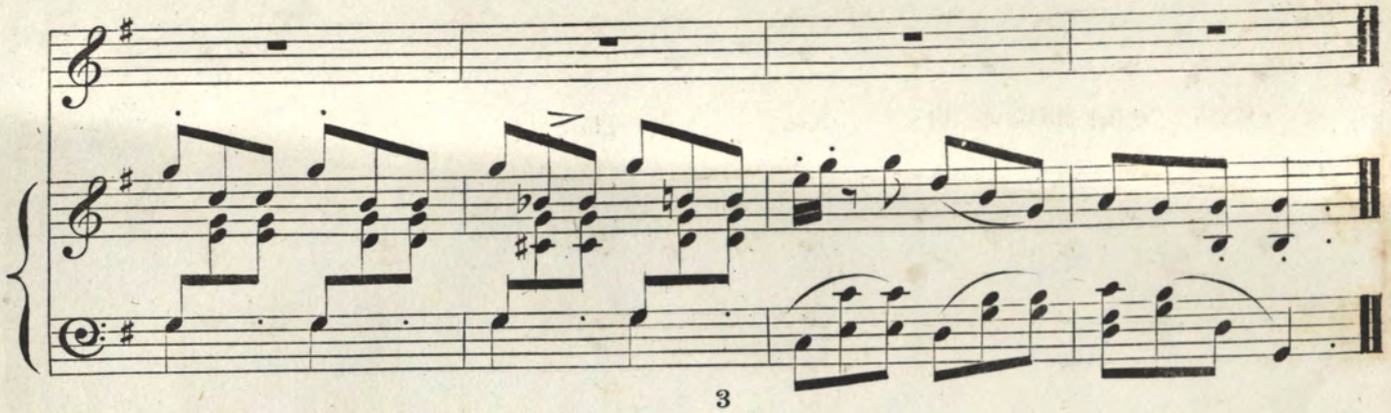
Widow Machree See the birds go in pairs And the rabbits and hares_ Why

e_ ven the bears now in cou_ ples a_ _ gree, And the mute lit_ tle fish Tho' they

rallen:

can't spake, they wish Och hone! Widow Machree

colla voce.



3

"Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone, widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow Machree.
Why the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow Machree.

4

"And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! widow Machree.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, 'Och hone! widow Machree!'

5

"Then take my advice, darling widow Machree,
Och hone! widow Machree.
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow Machree.
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near my heart,
Och hone! widow Machree.